

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

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2



J.H.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

The tramp's idea of the Henry George Millennium—no more waiting outside for cold victuals.

"I don't see," observed Boggs, as he leaned back in his chair: "how any man of sense can be led to embezzle fifty thousand dollars or one hundred thousand dollars, and skip the country. He is disgraced, his future ruined, and what good can the money do him?"

"You don't take the right view of it," replied Stebbins.

"Why?"

"The idea, my dear sir, is to settle for half the sum stolen, and return home, to be looked upon as a smart man, and re-elected president of a rival institution."—*Wall St. News.*

In the French translation of Macbeth, the words "Hail Macbeth" are rendered: "How do you carry yourself, Monsieur Macbeth?" If some manager would take a Shaksperian play in French, and retranslate it literally, he would make the hit of the season.—*Omaha World.*

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" First cheat the lawyer, and then we will answer the conundrum.—*Providence Telegraph.*

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Numbers 9, 10, 26, 76, 140, 154, 163 and 418 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

WHEN some men get to talking, which is as soon as they are awake in the morning, they are bound to say something if it kills them. Take the case of the Minneapolis man who recently talked to a New York reporter about what terrible things might happen "if the millers should join the Anarchists." "Why," he said: "the dust of flour is one of the most tremendous explosives known. If our millers were Anarchists, they could blow up every mill in Minneapolis without using dynamite. God only knows the terrible power millers have in their hands, if they were only devils enough to use it." And then both the miller and the reporter turned pale, and thought a long time in awe-stricken silence. Now, honestly, did you ever hear such stuff? Of course, flour-dust is explosive; of course, the miller could blow up the mills, miller and all, but who ever heard of an Anarchist blowing up his own mill? Or blowing up a mill with himself in it? Dearly beloved, the funny things in this world are not said or written by the humorists. Oh, no, no. They are said by the serious people, the solemn people, the profoundly earnest people. There would be precious little to laugh at in this light-hearted old world, were it not for the solemn, serious, earnest people, who make about all the fun there is going.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE Taylor Brothers in Tennessee call their campaign the war of the roses; it is such a sweet fight. Alf and Bob are the roses. Joint meetings, using the same platform and same brass band, is a great saving of money to the Taylor family.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

GEN. GUITAR is running for Congress in Missouri, and Fiddler Taylor is after the Governor's chair in Tennessee. We trust that Gen. Drum will step forward, if he wants anything, and let us have concert of action.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*.

Usually such things as are advertised possess no value. But who would say that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup possesses no merit? It is the standard remedy of our age. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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They don't, Gentle Reader. They are Taking Things very Peacefully and Pleasantly, while the Andover Missionaries are Settling their little Theological Differences among Themselves.



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Owing to the pressure upon our advertising columns, PUCK this week consists of
Eighteen Pages.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE New York voter has his choice between two good candidates for the Mayoralty—Messrs. Hewitt and Roosevelt. He may safely vote for either of them. Both are honest men; each is able in his own way. Mr. Hewitt is old and experienced; Mr. Roosevelt is young and energetic. Mr. Roosevelt, indeed, would perhaps make the better Mayor, as things stand at present. He would be more likely to take the work of municipal reform in hand and to carry it through with force and decision. But Mr. Hewitt is a trustworthy man, as far as the exigencies of the place are concerned, conservative, skilled in politics, and above suspicion as to his personal probity. Whichever of the two be elected, New York will have a good Mayor. For ourselves, we must express our regret that Mayor Grace has not been afforded an opportunity to finish the task of reform which he has taken upon himself. We believe that no man could do better than he has done and is doing. But since somebody is to take his place, we are glad that the choice for the people lies between two such excellent men.

There is a third candidate—Mr. Henry George. Our readers will bear witness that when Mr. George first appeared, as the champion of the oppressed laborer, for whom the laws of this country are not liberal enough, we accepted him at a generous valuation. We took him for a good, honest, well-meaning man. We knew that he had read himself out of the densest ignorance, and had made a name for himself by putting into popular and "taking" language the theories and the suppositions of all the economists and publicists generally, whose works had come to him like a revelation. We knew that he was struggling with political economy like a college sophomore, and that he had all the sophomore's confidence in himself. But we thought he meant well.

We did not know him. As soon as he was nominated for the Mayoralty, as the candidate of the so-called "Labor-party," he showed him-

self as we must know him hereafter. No more blatant demagogue ever hurled wild promises at a mob. Mr. George came forward to double-discount the English politicians who tried to buy their voters with "ten acres and a cow." He offered his supporters everybody's acres, and all their neighbor's cows. To catch the votes of the ignorant, the idle and the lawless, he promised, if they would make him Mayor, to make the police helpless, to set aside the laws, to disregard all considerations of justice, common-sense or decency that interfered with the workingman in his right to boycott employers and to tyrannize over other workingmen who might happen to be in an independent minority, and to choose to regulate their own wages and their own hours for work.

Last week he found himself brought up with a round turn. Mr. Hewitt had written a letter to the public—a quiet, logical sort of letter—the letter of an intelligent and educated man. In this epistle he put clearly before the people the folly of arraying class against class in this republic of equal rights; and the iniquity of attempting to overthrow the system of property upon which the prosperity of this country had been built. When Mr. George read this letter, he understood, in his whirling, excited, overheated brain, that he had gone too far. He saw that in allying himself with the Anarchists and the Nihilists, he had lost the regard and respect of decent society. He saw that it behooved him to do something to make a respectable showing to respectable citizens, and to disclaim connection with the lawless classes with which he had united his fortunes. So he wrote a wonderfully mild and moderate letter, and did his best to present himself as a good citizen, free from the taint of anarchy. And he ended by inviting Mr. Hewitt to discuss the questions of the hour with him, in public.

It was not likely that a man of Mr. Hewitt's character and position would condescend to discuss anything with a tramp theorist like Mr. Henry George. It is not likely that Mr. George will come anywhere near being elected Mayor of this city. But we speak thus because we believe that an unprincipled demagogue of this sort ought, when he appears as a candidate for public office, to receive such a rebuke at the polls as will set even him to turning over his teaspoonful of brains and deciding that something is the matter with what he supposes to be his reasoning and his logic.

There is no room for Henry George in this country. There is no room for such men as are soon to be hanged in Chicago—one of whom, at least, is an avowed disciple of Henry George. This is not one of the effete despotisms of Europe. It is a free country. Every man in it can do what he pleases with himself,

SALOON POLITICS.



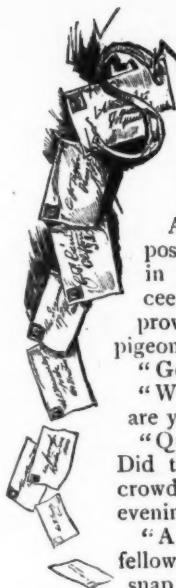
"I'm tellin' yez, Collins, av Moriarty 'll kape oop his hoshpitality like this fer wan wake more, they 'll not be a man in th' ward that 'll be sober enough ter throw a vote agin him."

as far as the natural laws of society and the limitations of birth permit him. That is: he can not kill his neighbor and steal his neighbor's house; and he can not take away his neighbor's business if his neighbor is more intelligent and more industrious than he is. But, outside of these limitations, he can do what he pleases with himself; and, in the majority of cases, it is his own fault if he does not make life worth living. If anybody is clanking chains in this country—and the Socialist agitators say that some people are—it is because they have riveted those chains upon themselves. In a land where every man may—as far as the laws of the land go—choose his own employment, make his own prices, do his own work in his own way, there is no occasion whatever for upsetting the established law and order. And if it were upset, the only gainers would be the idle, the vicious and the dishonest.



SOFTLY I have to laugh, and say to myself that no matter how I look at things, life is worth living. What though the watermelon fadeth and is not, and the spring chicken lapseth into maturity, and taketh on the toughness of the meadow-lark, this is a jolly old world, after all. I can not laugh as hard as I want to, lest peradventure I hurt myself, for I am a sufferer from rheumatism. But as I laugh on, I forget my pain, and finally, the very motion that is caused by hard, honest laughter limbers me up, until I can dance and turn flip-flaps all over the place. My laughter kills my pain, just as the sunshine disperses the storm, and that old laughter was born the day before yesterday, when I threw my physic to the dogs, and purchased a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Third Crop. People ordering this popular panacea and cure-all, should also remember that the elder members of this family, familiarly known as the First and Second Crops, are also out. Not out of print, but out on all news-stands in the country. They can be had by a judicious application of United States silver to the extent of Twenty-five cents each, of all newsdealers. Mailed to any address on receipt of Thirty cents each, or all Three Crops to one address, for Seventy-five cents.

MAILING A LETTER.



OVE people can mail a letter, with aplomb, suavity and entire satisfaction, while others go about it with an intimidated air of hesitancy painful to behold.

A fair damsel enters the village post-office with a sealed missive in her gloved hand. She proceeds in the following manner, provided the fellow behind the pigeon-hole be young and tender:

"Good morning, George."

"Why, Sadie, is that you? How are you this beautiful morning?"

"Quite nicely, thank you, George. Did the Camp girls have a large crowd at their moonlight picnic last evening?"

"A fair—look out there, young fellow, or the turtle in the globe will snap your nose off—crowd. But I did n't see—no; nothing for the Brown's—you there."

"Hattie Camp and I never speak now as we pass by."

"Why, I'm surprised to hear—come when the postmaster is in if you want a money-order—that, Sadie. Your bosom—keep that dog's paws off the window-sill, young man—friend, Almy Tompkins was there, and—here, boy, here's your letter—she looked lovely. But she uses too much—yes, your letter will be in time for the next train—powder."

"Do you think Almy is pretty, George?"

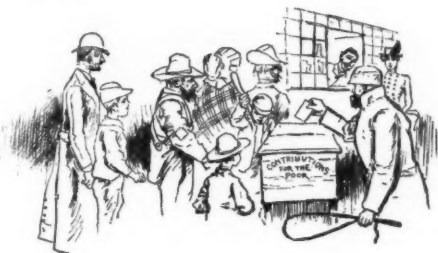
"Oh, well; she might be prettier; but you see—stick your own stamp, sir—her father is rich and—don't forget your change, sir—that has much to do with—here, you great big duffer, that clock was n't made to aim quids at—a lady's personal attractions."

"Did the Camp girls sing?"

"Beautifully. They are the best—boys, keep out of those ink-wells—singers in town, with one exception."

Sadie blushed a deep rose, and her heart bobbed up and down as George beamed upon her through the pigeon-hole.

"Why, wh—what do you mean, George?" she asked. She knew what he meant, but she could not resist the temptation to hear it from his own lips.



"How can you ask, Sadie? You sing 'Over—quit rapping upon that box, boy—the Garden Wall' and—well, here's your letter, boy—"

"White Wings." By the way, I'd like to call to-night and—say, you fellow in a rubber-coat, keep your letters out of that contribution-box—have one of those dear, delightful chats. May I?"

A greased-head and seven or eight inches of freckled neck emerged from the pigeon-hole.

"Yes;

do come,

George.

I shall be

ever so pleased to hear

Hattie Camp sputter

about it. She is real

hateful and jealous,

too."

"Never mind what

she says, Sadie. You

and I don't mind if—

no, sir; you can't send

any corn-salve through the mail—she does

talk. By the way, have you got anything good

to eat—if you will remove the gas from that

rubber concern, and throttle the escape-valve,

you may send it by mail, my young man—up

to your house?"



"Mother made a big jar of fried-cakes, and a dozen pumpkin-pies; and I baked some lovely angel-food cakes."

"Then I'll surely come. Ta, ta!"

The greasy head and freckled neck withdrew, and Sadie went away with a soul as light as a feather. The little birds seemed to sing sweeter, and there was more gold in the sunshine. She

walked home through the heat and dust, two miles.

When she commenced to remove her gloves, the letter confronted her. She had forgotten to mail it. She reproached her wretched memory, and hired her little brother Sammy, for five cents, to run down to the village post-office with the letter. Sammy went in swimming, and also went fishing, and—when the letter was finally mailed, five days had passed.

H. S. KELLER.

JIMMY, THE ELEVATOR-BOY (*who is not a hard worker, from below*).—Ow! Wow! Ow! I'm caught in the elevator!

UNFEELING OFFICE-TENANT (*from above*).—Glad of it. I never succeeded in catching you there.

AN INVENTORY—WITH COMMENTS.

Item: some hair—soft, golden brown. She wears it as it were a crown.

Item: two eyes. They look at me, Although there's little there to see.

Item: two lips. To sing, speak, kiss. In none of these are they amiss.

Item: a smile. It flits away Ere I its beauties can portray.

Item: two hands—so fair and fine. Too fair, I fear, to mate with mine.

Item: two feet. To kick, in play, The follies of the world away.

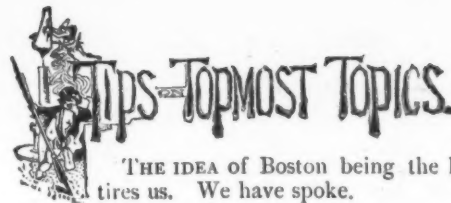
Item: her dress. Alas! we men Can not describe beyond our ken.

Item: a voice. Its music stirs The heart-strings of her worshippers.

Each note those flower-like lips set free A rosebud's perfume seems to me.

Item: four words. My heart's consoled— "I love you too"—and all is told.

S. D. S., JR.



THE IDEA of Boston being the hub tires us. We have spoke.

THE ARMOUR BROTHERS, of Chicago, have founded a church and mission-school. Refrigerator pews will be furnished during the summer.

AN OPERA has been composed from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." If Mrs. Stowe is n't sorry that she ever wrote that story, she is not the woman we take her for.

ACCORDING TO the New York *Medical Record*, "one-half the adult men in America living in our cities are bald-headed." How about the men in America who are not adult men? Have they plenty of hair?

THE CROWN PRINCE of Germany is having an artesian well dug on his dairy-farm at Pautz, near Berlin. The Orange County farmers will still hang on to the same old cucumber-wood pumps, and are entirely unenvious of any of the schemes of Royalty.

THE CHICAGO Anarchists would probably howl for ropes if they were drowning, but they are going to get a rope a-piece without touching water. If they must have ropes, we suppose they would rather have them straight. They don't take water in theirs, or soap, either, for that matter.

SHE WILL FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.



PHYSICIAN (*to young woman patient*).—You have a severe cold, Miss Smith, and are threatened with pneumonia. You will have to remain very quiet for several days.

PATIENT.—Oh, Doctor Pellet, I must go out. I have so much shopping to do.

PHYSICIAN.—I see, also, that your nose has a tendency to inflame at the tip, and—

PATIENT (*thoroughly alarmed*).—Oh, sir, I will do anything that you tell me to.

NEW TO THE ROAD.

A DRAMA OF
UNPROTECTED FEMININITY ABROAD.

Scene.—BOSTON TRAIN.

NERVOUS WOMAN (*laden with bundles, boxes and packages*).—Move along, will you? I'd rather have this seat if it's all the same to you.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER (*who had hoped to remain in exclusive possession, rising languidly*).—You will find it much pleasanter to sit by the window, madam.

N. W.—This ain't no pleasure tower, I want you to understand. I've got to go to Boston, and I want to set where I can git out in case of accident.

C. T.—In that case, madam, the seat by the window is by all odds the safer. It is a very easy matter to climb out of a window compared to fighting one's way through a crowded car.

N. W. (*with horror written all over her ancient countenance*).—Lord! you don't think there's going to be anything of that kind, do you? My! If we hadn't a started, I'd go back as sure 's the world. I'm all of a reeking perspiration at the very idea on't.

C. T. (*urbanely*).—Go right in and sit down, madam. This is a very good road, and very well managed. We shall probably reach our destinations in safety.

N. W. (*doing as she is told, and trying to stow away her various articles of baggage*).—If I only could a come in the carryhall! When I said good-bye to Ezry this morning, I jest felt that I should never see him agin in this world. Say, air you a going to Boston?

C. T. (*who had settled himself for another nap*).—That is my ultimate destination, madam; but just now I am going to sleep, that is—if you don't object.

N. W.—I dunno as it's anything to me whether you go to sleep or keep awake. I could sleep a stannin' on my head in a cotton-mill better'n I could here. But, lor me! A man can sleep anywhere. My Ezry's jes sech a hand to flop 'round in queer places as you be.

C. T. (*opening one eye*).—The gentleman you speak of is your husband, I suppose?

N. W. (*lugubriously*).—Oh, yes, and I wish I hadn't a left him.

C. T. (*sotto voce*).—So do I.

N. W.—Some folks sing hymn tunes when they're aboard the cars. I don't suppose you know Betsy Martin? No? Wall, I allowed you didn't. She's a dressmaker and a class leader, and last night, says she, Mrs. Cole, take my advice and sing the "Sweet Bye and Bye," and "Nearer to Thee," from the time you start till you arrive, and you'll forgit to be afeard. I didn't tell her so, but singing them air hymns at a Friday night conference, when you're pretty likely to git into your bed alive, is very different from singing 'em when you're ramshacklin over the airth in this fashion. But I said I'd try it, and I guess I will. *Clears her throat, counts her bundles, clutches them with a new grip, and pipes up.*

C. T. (*changing his position abruptly in the middle of the first verse*).—What's that?

N. W. (*dropping her tune, hand-bag, handkerchief and spectacles at the same time*).—Lord! I dunno. What do you think 'tis? You see I was a singin', and—

C. T. (*fiercely*).—You were what?

N. W. (*shrieking in companion's ear*).—I was singin'! Mercy me! How we do teeter! What did it sound to you like?

C. T.—Like a cornet with a cold in its head, or a piccolo off the track, or any other hanged thing that squeaks and snorts. Whoever made it better not make another like it, unless they want to die. *Will you sit down?*

N. W.—I'll bet a dollar we be off the track. I knowed jest how 'twould be when I left home, and I told Ezry so.

C. T. (*imploringly*).—Will you please to sit down?

N. W.—If we're off the track, why should I set down? Settin' down won't put us on agin, will it?

C. T. (*savagely*).—Who in—who said we were off the track?

N. W. (*with touching tremulant*).—You said we were off the track, you did. And I'm shakin' all over jest like a jelly-fish. Why don't you git up like a man and see where we be?

C. T. (*whose features are distorted with pain*).—I can tell you your exact location, madam. You have been waltzing on my pet corn for the last three minutes. You are making the cars teeter. They always go this way when anybody stands up.

N. W. (*sinking into seat*).—Wall, if we don't larn something, day by day, then I'll give up. I make these great heavy cars teeter? Oh, if I was only with Ezry!

C. T. (*with sardonic grin, sotto voce*).—If I thought Ezry was having a bang-up, high old time, like the little busy bee, improving each shining hour, I believe I could brace up to this affliction.

[Enter CONDUCTOR, in great haste.]

CONDUCTOR.—Tickets! Show your tickets! (C. T.'s pasteboard promptly punched and returned to hat.) Ticket, ma'am! Hurry up, please!

N. W. (*in frantic haste*).—I can't hurry any faster'n I can, can I? It must be on

the floor. (To seat mate).—Look for it, will you? Deary me! I'm in such a fluster! Just hear that whistle! I'll bet anything we're going into Boston this minute, and I can't find my ticket. What shall I do?

CONDUCTOR (*returning*).—Ticket, ma'am! No time to lose!

N. W. (*turning the contents of hand-bag into her lap, and clawing over the debris*).—I knowed you didn't pick up that ticket. I never see the man yit that could find anything. Oh! my! (*smiling benignantly on railroad official*).—In just half a minute, Mr. Conductor. (*partially turns her back, unfastens a button or two of her dress, and triumphantly produces ticket*). (Exit CONDUCTOR). I'm allers jest that keeful of everything.

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C. T.—There's nothing like knowing where a thing is, so if you want it in a hurry any time.

N. W.—That's what I tell Ezry. But he says life's too short things that's

C. T. (*aside*).—presume that

to spend huntin' arter hid away.

—I think it's fair to Ezry is enjoying himself. Go it, old boy!

N. W. (*springing to her feet*).—There goes that whistle again! And mercy me! Here we are at the depot. So git up, and take this bag o' yourn off my things. Don't you see every body's gittin' out?

C. T. (*makes no sign*).

N. W.—(*tugs away with many groans, and at last*

steps up on the seat, when down come portmanteau, umbrellas and all, scattering consternation in every direction).

C. T.—(*though smarting from a blow on the head, sits unmoved amid the wreck and crash of baggage*).

N. W. (*frantically*).—Oh, somebody pick up my things! There goes a man with my umberill. (*punches seat-mate vigorously*).—Don't you hear what I say? There's a man run off with my umberill!

C. T. (*finding umbrella*).—Allow me to suggest that you let me place the rest of your bundles upon the rack with your other things.

N. W.—Much obliged to you, but this bag never leaves my hands when I'm on a trip, and I want my spectacles where I can clap 'em on my nose any minute. Besides, my neck's got a crick in it now, looking out for the things that be up there.

C. T.—I didn't plan to make this a fishing-excursion, madam, nor did I enter into any agreement to wipe up the floor of this car, so, if you drop your duds again, you'll excuse me from wallowing round after them.

N. W. (*to passenger in back seat*).—Is this Boston, or is it not?

PASSENGER.—

Boston, one hour and thirty minutes.

C. T. (*suddenly discovering vacant seat*).—Good morning, madam. Don't forget to remember me to Ezry. Ta-ta.

N. W. (*sinking once more into seat, her pokebonnet flapping over her left eye, her arms full of her restored belongings*).—Sassy crittur! I knowed some man would speak to me afore I got to my journey's end, and I told Ezry so! One hour and ten minutes to Boston? Wall, I solemnly declare that I'll hold on to these air things till I git there, if it paralyzes me! (Exit REPORTER).

VISITOR TO PARK.—Does this path lead to the aviary?

POLICEMAN.—No, n'a'am. Av yez folly thot path, it'll bet yez roight oop agin th' burrud-house.

A MAN, to be supremely happy, only needs the gift of Ceres to Pandora—a good appetite and an irreproachable digestion.—Great Big Writer. How about food? Does n't he need some of that, too.

GONE TOO FAR TO STOP.



"Wond'r wasser want a man t'stop here fr, anyway—deuced unpleas'nt place fr a-hic-genll'man t' stop."

"Whom over?" do you ask? Why, none of your business! And: "That day I went over the field and found an Ohio quartermaster who alone retained his senses; I told him to move some caissons out of the way." War gives no victories like this. It is fruitful Peace.

"Great God!" he cried, and fell from his horse. That was the turning point of the day. In half-an-hour we would have had the shattered, flying remnants of the now crushed and annihilated Federals, bag and baggage."

"You would?" says Peace: "Then yours is the victory—till next month."

So, therefore and hence, we conclude that Peace hath her victories, her victories hath Peace, and, yet again, her victories Peace hath. The more peaceful the peace, the more numerous the victories. They do not save an imperiled country; they do not bring back the half of a severed union; but they do bring—ten dollars a page.

And, therefore, we say to the warrior famed for fight: "Not war, but peace be with thee!" WILLISTON FISH.

RANDOM REMARKS.



THE native of Toledo,
Feels just divinely queer,
When he is sitting idly
Sipping St. Louis beer.

The native of St. Louis,
He smiles from ear to ear,
While sitting in the garden,
Drinking Toledo beer.

"MARY ANDERSON has been spending the autumn at the home of William Black, amid the wild and picturesque scenery of Oban." Since reading this item, a mule-driver in the fifteen-hundred-foot level of a Pennsylvania coal-mine has been heard to sing with contentment.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has arrived at the conclusion that silence is golden. We'll bet a new chapeau with you, Plonny, that if you propose to eat and sleep in France, it will have to be cast-iron on your part.

DR. MARPLES, of Ward's Island, says that young skeletons are extremely hard to obtain. We know of an old one in an up-town closet that he can have for the asking.

DR. HALL says: "Keep your mouth shut on coming out of a heated room on a cold night." Leave out the heated room and cold night part of it, and the advice is still better.

A COW ENTERED a church in Kingston, Canada, and drove the choir from their seats. Such a cow ought to give good milk.

CHICAGO PEOPLE sneer at the idea that Ananias was ever very much of a liar.

LOSING VOTES.



"You can't git me to vote fer that man," said a farmer, referring to a statesman who had been taking in the county fair: "he's too much of a dood."
"How is he a dude?"
"He pernounces punkin with an 'm' and a 'p.'"

A CONCERN in the Hub has just published "A Boston Girl's Ambition." Perhaps things have changed; but it used to be to plunk a Greek root square in the face of a Columbia College graduate, and then watch him while he squirmed.

MME. MINNIE HAUKE refused to sing at Nebraska City, the other evening, on account of the dilapidated condition of the opera-house. She said that the draught of air coming through so many bullet-holes reminded her of a shower-bath.

THAT SILVER hammer with which the bottle of American champagne was smashed in christening Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht has been sent to a bone-boiling establishment for renovation. A few drops of the liquid were spilled on it.

THAT CAMPAIGN parrot which has been instructed to yell "George!" ought to put an "Oh" before it. He would capture about fifty thousand of the Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue clerks in one letting-out time.

PRINCE KARAMALKOKO, the Singalese nobleman, has made a great stir in Paris, and is now going to London. If he values his life, we advise him to keep on the sunny side of Epps.

IT IS lucky for us that the Colossus of Rhodes committed suicide when he did. He might have come over here and eloped with our Statue of Liberty.

WHEN YOUR wife says: "well, it won't do any good to talk about the matter," she is about starting in anew.

NICOLINI is coming to see us again, and cigar-dealers are brushing the dust off their dollar cigars.

PEACE.

"Peace hath her victories," says the poet.

The poet is right. Peace hath her victories, her victories hath Peace, and not only that, but Peace her victories hath. And she holds on to them. You bet! Bet what? Bet your winter waukenphasts to an old pair of Oxford ties. Bet your sweet life to the life of your neighbor. Because you have a dead-sure thing.

The poet was right; in the phrase of the French, the gifted bard possessed the raisin. Peace hath her victories; her victories hath Peace; and, yet again, her victories Peace hath. Bushels! Sure! For, while war has only one set of victories corresponding to the list of battles, Peace has two sets for the same battles—one set for each side. Didn't you know that? Why, then you haven't read Baron Jomini—we should say, Capt. Hominy—in the Century, on the art of War—we should say, on the artfulness of Peace.

Peace, oh, Peace is full of victories. She not only has the set for each side, but she presents complete outfits to every general, colonel, corporal and private, packed in an ornamental box with the name on the lid. War doesn't give these victories. War has n't time. But Peace—Peace manufactures victories. And this isn't all. If it were, how would the war articles last so long? Then what is the rest of it? Why, the rest of it is more victories.

For instance, some men did not go within a mile of the front during the engagements. War gave them no victories. Grim-visaged, bite-a-penny War—rightly called! These men that I mention were staying firmly in the rear, far from temptation, trying to control their tempers. They *did* control those tempers! And was that not a splendid victory?

And suppose William Fairer Jones surveyed a road, and Grant used the road, and never mentioned it afterward, but was obliged to confess that William Fairer had one of the clearest military heads in the army—was not that a victory?

A REMARKABLE MAN.



"Mr. Goodman is certainly a remarkable man," said Mr. Daphne to Miss Trala, when he called on her after church.

"Why do you think so," she asked.

"Because he only returned from Europe last week, and he did n't begin his sermon with the remark, 'When I was in so-and-so.'"

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

ONCE upon a time there was an el-der-ly gen-tle-man named Bilkins, who kept a large store in New York. He was a phi-lan-thro-pist. Is not that a long word, children? No Wonder it makes your eyes Bulge. Do you Know what a phi-lan-thro-pist is? Well, it is us-u-al-ly a bald-headed man with a large bank-account, who Likes to see his name in the news-pa-pers. But this has nothing to Do with my story. It is only put in as padding.

Mr. Bilkins was much be-lov-ed by all the clerks in his office. He was a very af-fa-ble old gen-tle-man. But he had one Habit which most of the clerks had the Bad taste to dislike: He told Funny Stories. He told one Funny Story in par-tic-u-lar. It was a Fish-Story. Yes, it was all about Speckled Beauties. It was a very hu-mor-ous nar-ra-tive, b it the clerks

used to Say that it made them Weary. You see, when a story has been re-peat-ed about six-hun-dred-and-seventy-four times, it begins to Pall upon one.

There were four clerks in the office. Three of them got so that they would only smile faintly when the Fish-Story was told. But the fourth always laughed Vo-cif-er-ous-ly. This an-ger-ed the other clerks, who con-sid-er-ed it Os-ten-ta-tious and Ill-timed.

The clerk who in-dul-ged in this im-mod-erate cach-in-na-tion was called William Barlow. As his name shows, he was a very Good young man. He had a class of dear little children in the Sunday-school, he never went to va-ri-e-ty Shows or Horse-races, he never en-ter-ed a Sample-room except by the Side-door, after the Kindly shades of e-ven-ing had fallen, and he was the Sole Support of an aged Mother-in-law. Why can we not all be like William Barlow? Yet, though he was so Good and Pure, William was not be-lov-ed to any con-sid-er-a-ble extent by his fellow-clerks. In fact, they nicknamed him Birdie, and used to Put Up jobs on him. But he bore it all meekly, for hum-ble-ness was his strong Hold.

One day, one of the clerks, a young man named James Watson, en-ter-ed the office ex-claiming:

"Boys, I have a Scheme to get old Bilkins to give us a Rest on that Fish-Story."

"What is it?" clam-or-ed two of his com-pan-ions, but William Barlow re-main-ed silent, and a Pained look stole over his Features.

"We will each get one of these Chestnut bells, and sound an Alarm the next time the Old Man attempts to shoot off the Yarn."

Two of the clerks glee-ful-ly as-sent-ed, but William Barlow said, gently, but firmly:

"I will have nothing what-ev-er to do with this Ne-fa-ri-ous scheme."

Then the others told him to Go To. I think they told him where to Go, but it would not be Fit Reading for the Young.

The next morning, soon after he came in, old Mr. Bilkins leaned back in his Chair and said:

"Did I ever tell you about the time I went Fishing up in the Catskills with a friend from Chi-ca-go? You see we were told that a certain pond a-bound-ed—"

Just then the three clerks rang their Chestnut bells. But William Barlow pre-ser-ved a Grave and De-co-rous Ex-te-ri-or. Mr. Bilkins did not Grasp the Situation at first, and con-tin-u-ed his Story. Soon the Chestnut bells rang again, but the point of the Joke having now been reached, their sound was almost drowned by the Ir-re-pres-si-ble laughter of Barlow. It was then that Mr. Bilkins Got Onto their Scheme, so to speak. His eyes flashed Fire.

HADN'T TRIED THE ANIMAL.



DINER.—Waiter, this hash is simply vile. Why, it is n't fit for a dog to eat.

WAITER.—I don't know, sir; we have n't tied the dog on that yet, sir.

"Young gen-tle-men," he said: "I can ap-pre-ci-ate a Harmless Joke as well as any one, but this is going Too far. I shall not require the ser-vi-ces of any of you, with the Ex-cep-tion of Barlow, after Sat-ur-day next. As for Barlow, I appoint him Head Book-keeper in place of Watson. Let this," he continued: "teach you the respect due the Aged."

William Barlow now dis-charge-s the duties of Head Book-keeper, and it is Ru-mor-ed that Mr. Bilkins intends to make him a Partner on Jan-u-a-ry First.

The Moral of this story is—well, children, the Moral of this story is a little In-vol-ved, and just to ex-er-cise your little Skulls, suppose you work it out yourselves. F. A. STEARNS.

THE CHICAGO BIBLE SOCIETY reports ten thousand families in that city without a copy of the Bible. Are we to infer from this that all the rest of the families have Bibles? We can not believe it.

WHEN THE members of a Western family see an Eastern book-agent looming up over the prairie, they immediately retire to the cyclone-cellar.

It is claimed that the devil would never have had a cloven foot if he had n't begun by having a cloven breath.

THE COOK TO HIS LADY-LOVE (BRIDGET MAGINNIS).

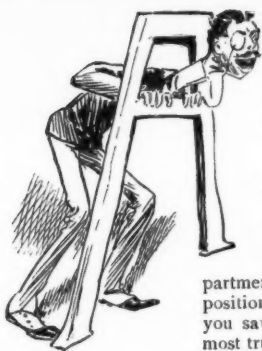


RIGITTA! Wondrous sweet art thou and fair,
No wine, nor fruit glacé can compare
With thee in sweetness or in purity,
In juicy richness or maturity.
Thy rosy lips are like fresh *cœur de bœuf*,
(Of which the guest can never have enough)
Before and after it becomes *braisé*,
Rare, red and luscious; yea, like a *paté*
De fois gras fins. Thy spotless brows suggest
The nude potato ere it sinks to rest
In the dark chowder, or like almonds blanched,
With cochineal a trifle well-enhanced.
Thy supple neck sits on thy swelling breast
As if it were a swan of noble zest
Right nobly roasted, and thy radiant eyes
Outshine the wafers which I crystallize.

I worship you, Brigitta. Night and day
You keep my heart and soul in a *sauté*
Of hope and passion. From the polished pans
Your features shining disarrange my plans,
And put my feelings into such a stew
That in each dish I think I 'm mixing you.

I can not touch a quarter of spring lamb,
Nor haunch of mutton, nor a corn-fed ham,
But what it seems my hand is pressing you.
(I sigh to think the feeling is not true.)
Nor can I taste a most artistic sauce,
But what your lips appear to suffer loss;
And when I breathe the steam of *consommé*,
Your breath upon my features seems to play.

Be mine, dear maid! You know not how we suit
Each other. Together let us eat the fruit
Of holy wedlock. I will be thy meat,
And thou the sauce which renders it complete.
Our love shall melt us, as a *mayonnaise*
Both oil and acid in one whole displays,
And thou shalt deck my slow-declining sun
As currant-jelly does with venison.
And little ones shall grace us in our age;
We 'll be the goose, they pepper, thyme and sage;
Our home shall be a paradise of play,
With naught to worry and five meals a day.
When mortal work is o'er and Heaven begun,
We 'll hear the angels all exclaim, "Well done!"
WM. E. S. FALES.



WIDE-OPEN LETTER.

MR. WILLISTON FISH,
Care PUCK,
New York.

Dear Sir:

A short time ago you enlightened the readers of PUCK by an authentic account of the Art Department of the Minneapolis Exposition; you told them what you saw there, and you gave a most truthful report of the characteristics of the unfortunates

who dwell so near the North Pole that they could hang their washing on it if they were fortunate enough to possess any. You did Minneapolis proud, dear Mr. Fish, and we are glad you came. Instructions in grammar from a talented author who writes of "cityfuls of people" can not fail to produce a lasting and beneficent effect upon the alleged minds of the untutored children of the far West.

If you had stopped at the West Hotel, instead of registering at the "Nordenskjoeld" or the "Scandia," you would have had an opportunity of seeing the American colony here, which, I assure you, is quite large, notwithstanding, as you truly state, "the bulk of Minnesota's population consists of Scandinavians." It is true that the rates at the West are from five to ten dollars per day, while at your Norwegian hostelry the taxation is not over fifty cents. At the latter place, however, for obvious reasons, you are denied the privilege of blowing out the gas, which, to judge by your lucid and truthful article, must be your first proceeding when describing things as you see them.

We did not note your presence among us, Mr. Fish; you should have made some sign. The Atlantic sends so many fish here annually that we have grown careless and negligent. The cultivated East ships us schools of you every summer. The metropolis means well, no doubt, but still we wish she wouldn't.

Personally we did not note you; as a class we did—and as a class you are accurately described as wearing an eye-glass. You arrived in a hunting-suit, didn't you, and wore leggings? You carried a case of fishing-rods, and some guns. Much you marveled that a Pullman, fifty per cent. better than any sleeping-car in New York State, pulled you into this stronghold of barbarism. You brought a dog in the baggage-car, in your hip-pocket was a silver-mounted revolver, which was intended for use on cow-boys. You peered anxiously out of the car-windows to catch a glimpse of an Indian or two. You fancied you would have a shot at a bear on your road to the tavern.

We marked you well, Mr. Fish, as a distinctive class, I mean. All appropriately dressed, with a dog at your heels and a gun on your tailor-made shoulder, you started to push your heroic way through the forests primeval which lie between Minneapolis and Mr. Longfellow's Falls of Minnehaha, expecting to subsist on the game you would shoot on the road. When you got there, your surprise at finding an electric motor ready to pull you back to town in twenty minutes was so great that your eye-glass forgot its cunning and fell into the foaming torrent.

You were at Lake Minnetonka, too. You cast your artistic line after the uneducated fish, and only caught weeds and bottles and empty tin cans, while the bare-legged boy who rowed the boat pulled in quantities of black-bass with a hickory-rod and a five-cent line.

When you endeavored to show the aborigines how to sail a sloop-rigged boat, you were capsized, and were going down for the third and last time when a good-natured native hauled you ashore by the scruff of your tender neck.

You were "surprised, ye know" all the time you were here. At the people because they were white, at the houses because they were habitable. Because there were no buffalos, no cow-boys, no Indians. Because there was nothing to shoot at but a rubber-baby in a rifle-range.

You were the gentle, lisping, dapper, stylish cosmopolite who—(a) Was worked by the most transparent confidence man in town with that most barefaced of swindles, the freight-bill game.

(b) Fell a victim to the wiles of a pair of shady real-estate sharks, to whom you paid most of your available cash for a lot lying contiguous to a cemetery for colored people.

Yes, yes, dear Mr. Fish, your class crowd us every year, and, if you'll excuse me, you have ceased to create remark. Neither do your English imitations provoke our envy, or your graphic descriptions of Gotham life awake our enthusiasm. Some of us have been there.

Truly, Mr. Fish, we have some people here "whose business makes them exiles"—they are from the East, and their business is with the police. We have other Eastern exiles of the class described above, who, being without return tickets, can not go home to the great art centres. If the East will remit enough to cover freight and storage charges, she can have her children back again with our blessing. Yours sincerely,

OLE PEDERSEN.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 20, 1886.

OCTOBER HAD chilled the parlor
By no kind sun begilt,
And down in the dusty cellar
The furnace-fire was built.

Then it got warm as summer
When bumbles around us boom,
And we had to go and open
The window to cool the room.

IF EVE had had a chestnut-bell when his
snakeship began to talk, it would have been a
lucky circumstance for you sinners.

THE NEW FAKE.



"TALK ABOUT YER STEVE BRODIE!"



A PÆAN.

Bring forth a dish of lotos,
And a cocktail of hippocrene,
For joy to-day is ours,
And everything's serene.

Yes, all is serene and lovely
That in our vision glows,
And we feel as gay as the
velvet
Heart of a new-blown rose.

Departed is all our sorrow,
We have no time to carp,
When we think of how the
detectives
Coralled old Jacob Sharp.

And how they captured Rich-
mond,
And how they scooped Fo-
shay,
Oh, for Martine and Gotham,
It was a large, bright day.

For they've got that trio gathered
Like chestnuts in the burr,
And likewise the white and ancient
Beer-juggler, T. B. Kerr.

And the days will be bright for Gotham,
When shortly behind the bars
The bribers will wear at Sing Sing
The stripes without the stars.

WHEN WE see a man in the street with his
necktie under his ear, and a woman on the next
block with the same style of necktie securely
nestling where it belongs, and look-
ing too sweet for anything, we bow
to the superiority of the fair sex.
If women ever do wear trousers, it's
dollars to hay-seeds they won't bag
at the knees.

IT TAKES an Irishman to pick his
way through the world.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY writes:
"I send you a cream-white rose-bud
With a flush on its petal tips."

John probably takes this insinuating
method of dealing so that he can
allay suspicion while he stacks up
two pair of eight-spots for himself.

IT DOESN'T take seven years to
outlaw a debt of gratitude.

THERE is a man in the Indianap-
olis insane-asylum who thinks he is a
street-car conductor. He has a self-
made bell-punch, which he never
fails to ring when an imaginary fare
is handed him. He must be hope-
lessly insane.

PROHIBITION is a good thing for
pocket-flask manufacturers.

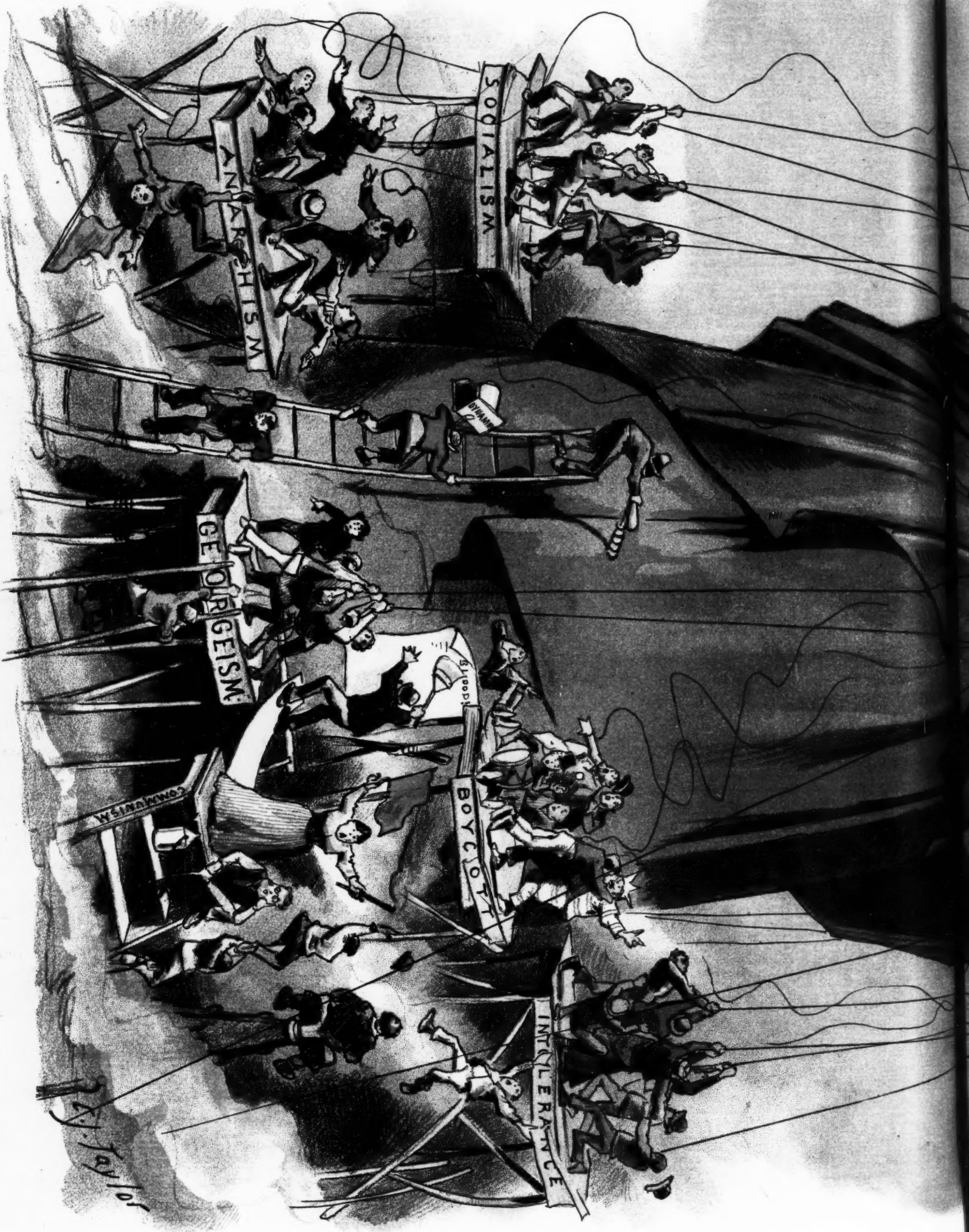
RICHARD HAD no sooner declared
that he was himself again, than
Richmond came along and knocked
him out. It would have been money
in Dick's pocket if he had remained
somebody else.

NO MAN'S LAND—The Streets.

LOCAL NEWS.

Moist.
Warm.
Rain to-day.
To-morrow is Sunday.
Thanksgiving is coming.
Full moon to-morrow night.

PUCK has taken out a patent on
this style of journalism, and country
contemporaries will act accordingly.



OUR STATUE OF LIBERTY.—SHE CAN STAND IT.

PUCK.



IN EVENING ARRAY.



They were going to the new Opera. He was all ready, while she was still at her toilet. "I say, my dear," he shouted impatiently from the foot of the stairs: "are n't you nearly dressed?" "Yes," came back the response: "I've only got to take a few more things off."

LYRICAL SUNBEAMS.

WITH APOLOGIES TO OUR E. C., THE *Sun*.

OUT in West Iowa
Dwelt a scarlet rooster,
Who with golden pop-corn
Filled his empty crop.
Then out in the garden
He serenely strutted
Till the roasting sunshine
Made each kernel pop.
Then the rooster suffered
Like a man with dropsy,
Till across the river
He did lightly skim.
Now a pretty cornstalk
Bearing balls of pop-corn,
Softly pink and snowy's
Growing out of him.

In Barryville a negro
Was leaning on a rake,
Perusing sweet L'Allegro,
When at his feet a snake
Appeared, and gently swinging
His head with pleasant winks,
Commenced serenely singing
The ancient "Captain Jinks."
The negro screamed in terror,
And then began to quake:
"D. T.? you are in error,
I am a water-snake."
The serpent then departed
And left the old ne-gro,
Who, thoroughly down-hearted,
Was frightened white as snow.

Old Joseph Dooly, of Caldwell,
N. Y., is deaf and dumb,
And, of course, does all his talking
With finger and with thumb.

Last August he was a-fooling
Around a whirling saw,
Till several of his fingers
Were done up like cold slaw.

And now whenever he's talking,
He every second stops
To explain the painful reason
Why every "h" he drops.

He can't say words with "h's,"
And now it makes him frown
To be called, when he is Irish,
A native of London town.

A man who resides in Bogtown,
New Jersey, has the shakes,
And he sits around in the sunshine
Throughout the day and bakes.

In fact, his wonderful shaking's
Regarded as a gift
By his neighbors who employ him
Their ashes for to sift.

He sits and shakes like an aspen
When all's as hot as the South;
He recently shook his arti-
ficial teeth from his mouth.

He's an artist at shaking carpet,
He only stands stock-still,
And up and down like the ocean
The carpet flies with a will.

At seven P. M. last Thursday
He passed away like a breath,
And, oh, he was well shaken,
Before he was taken by Death.

He lies beneath the leafless
Trees in the hazy dell—
After Life's fitful fever
And ague, he sleeps well.

R. K. M.

THE FACT that both the candidates for the Governorship of Massachusetts—Mr. Ames and Mr. Andrew—are members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, is making the Prohibition party scratch hard to defeat them.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has re-christened "Pretty Prospect," and now calls it "Red-Top." Tom Ochiltree has made a proper acknowledgment of the courtesy, but says that if the Executive is going to honor him again, he wishes that he would be less condensed in his wording.

HENRY GEORGE TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

OH, noble thirty thousand! you have dwindled down to ten—
But, well I know that each of you is equal to three men—
And so I bind my armor on, and shake my falchion bright
To lead you on to victory in this Mayoralty fight.
We'll win it, noble followers, we'll win it—never fear;
So set 'em up right lively to the yearners after beer,
And straightway tell each freeman, as he gulps the liquor down,

That when I am elected I will subdivide the town
From the Battery to Harlem, and give an equal share
To every noble Socialist who never combs his hair.
The banks I'll bust to thunder; the Clearing House I'll raze;

You'll hear of no Sub-Treasury in twenty-seven days,
And every single Vanderbilt, from William to "Corneel,"
Will have to put his all in to promote the common weal.
I've written books: I know it; but the books I'll write in then

Will be day-books and great ledgers full of your ac-
counts, my men.

So, noble thirty thousand, just elect your Henry G.,
And you'll each be rich as t'other and you'll all be rich as me!

CLUS. CROMWELL.

OUR BROOKLYN BULLETIN.

ECHOES FROM THE DIRTIEST AND HIGHEST TAXED CITY IN THE UNION.



A MAN dropped dead on Putnam Avenue, near Clason, last Tuesday. The verdict of the coroner's jury was, that the deceased came to his death by overhearing a policeman remark to a friend that Brooklyn was sure to have sprinkling-carts next summer.

"THAT HAWK is flying pretty high," remarked a New Yorker visiting a friend in Joralemon Street the other day.

"Do you call that high?" asked the Brooklynite.

"I do," said the New Yorker.

"Then you don't know how high the taxes fly in Brooklyn. The higher the hawk flies, the more difficult it is to see, but the higher the taxes become over here, the more visible they are to the naked eye."

A MAN WAS crossing Atlantic Street last Saturday, when he got over his head in mud, and it was necessary to strain the street through a sieve to find him. He was dead, covered with snapping-turtles.



A CINCINNATI MAN recently put up at a Brooklyn hotel, and was there three months before he discovered that it was not Hunter's Point.



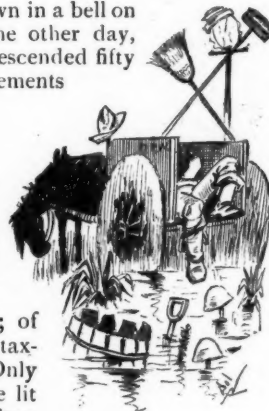
A GANG of New York roughs got into a row, and literally cleaned out Myrtle Avenue yesterday. A New York dime-museum is negotiating for the purchase of Myrtle Avenue, to exhibit as the only thing in Brooklyn that was ever cleaned out.

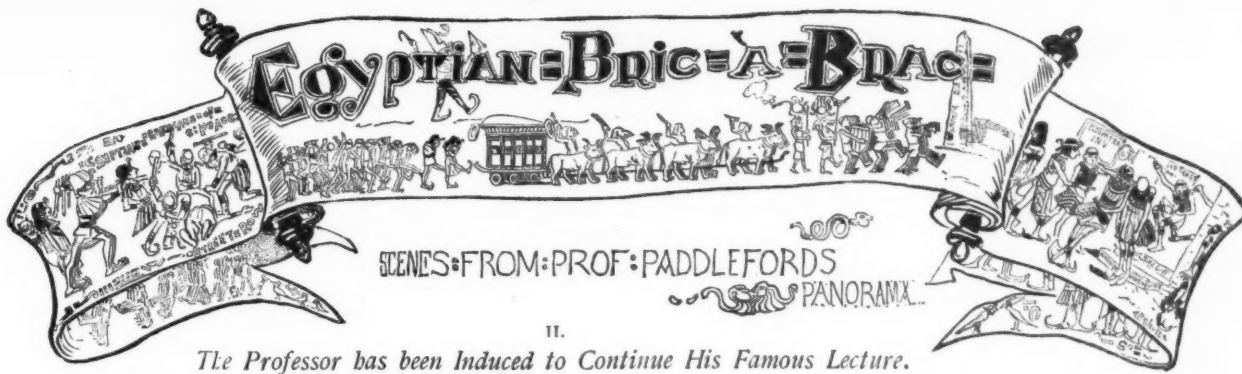
PEOPLE ON Clinton Avenue are kept awake nights now by the croaking of bull-frogs and mud-hens.

A DIVER went down in a bell on DeKalb Avenue the other day, and after he had descended fifty feet, he found pavements and cobble-stones.

"MY PATIENCE is sorely taxed," remarked a Fort Greene woman, when her husband broke in with—

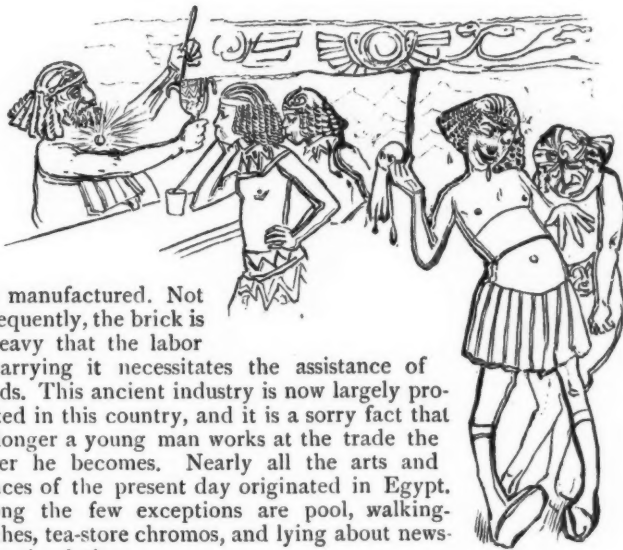
"Of course it is; of course everything is taxed in Brooklyn. Only this morning my eye lit on this sign on Fulton Street: 'Taxidermy.'"





The Professor has been Induced to Continue His Famous Lecture.

Here is a graphic view illustrating an important Egyptian industry, 2500 B.C.—making bricks with straw. Each brick-maker, it will be observed, stands in front of a high wooden arrangement, with one end of a straw between his lips and the other terminus immersed in a glass mould. The robust Egyptian, standing behind the high wooden arrangement, in his shirt-sleeves, with a shoe-brush capillary adornment on his upper lip, and a Koh-i-noor gem flashing on his shirt-front, is apparently the foreman of the gang, and furnishes the materials for the brick. Glass bottles and goblets of curious workmanship, and a chromo on the walls bearing the puzzling hieroglyphics, "Notr-Ust," indicate that industrial art had already reached a high state of excellence. These brick-makers, after finishing their day's labor, will carry home in their hats the brick



thus manufactured. Not unfrequently, the brick is so heavy that the labor of carrying it necessitates the assistance of friends. This ancient industry is now largely prosecuted in this country, and it is a sorry fact that the longer a young man works at the trade the poorer he becomes. Nearly all the arts and sciences of the present day originated in Egypt. Among the few exceptions are pool, walking-matches, tea-store chromos, and lying about newspaper circulations.

This is the portrait of the beautiful Queen Nitocris, who had a penchant for practical jokes. To revenge the murder of her brother, who had been killed by his political enemies, she constructed a vast underground hall, and invited his murderers there to a feast. Covers were laid for several hundred persons, and while the guests were sitting around the festive board, sipping wine, and discussing the policy of the forthcoming administration, the waters of the Nile were poured in upon them through a canal, and all were drowned. From that day to this, water has been unpopular at banquets, and is rigidly excluded from nearly all such feasts. Queen Nitocris was hugely elated at the success of her joke, and laughed immoderately; but upon a little calm reflection the after-thought obtruded that perhaps her clever witticism might be misconstrued in certain quarters. She became possessed of a vague, restless sort of feeling that her little joke might create unfavorable comment,

and furnish materials for a newspaper scandal. In order to escape any odium of this character, she committed suicide. If all practical jokers were as thoughtful as this beautiful queen, the world would be improved more than upwards of considerable.

King Thothmes II. This sovereign inaugurated a war which lasted five hundred years. He didn't live to see the end of it; and none of the survivors, so far as is known, have applied to the Government at Washington for back-pensions. This is remarkable, if true. Thoth. II., it will be seen, wears a wearied, anxious brand of expression, as if he had just been informed that a water-pipe had burst in his palace, and was trying to determine whether it would be cheaper to kill the plumber, or mortgage his residence to pay the bill for repairs. Thothmes III., who "saw" Thothmes II., and went him one better, reigned B. C. 1600, and won more battles than the genius who causes this work of art to move along, with the slow and easy movement of a man working for the government, could unroll in a week. Here we have a graphic representation of Thothmes's army "assaulting a fort," copied from an Egyptian sketch taken on the spot. It is a life-like portrayal of the horrors of war. At the base of the fort are several heroes clothed in all the panoply of war—consisting principally of a sash around the waist—hurling clubs and invectives and other deadly weapons at the opposing forces. A fort thus assailed, unless constructed of more resisting material than egg-shells, must necessarily succumb within a century or two, at least.

These interesting pieces of *bric-à-brac*—the Colossi of Thebes—were designed by an architect who also built a temple on his own account, called the temple of Kak—but it didn't take it.

Rameses II. reigned sixty-seven years, and greatly augmented the census. Owing to the usual monthly strike at the Fall River mills we are unable to give a group of the King's offspring. There was not enough canvas in the market on which to paint them. The King had fifty-nine sons and sixty daughters. It was a sort of Sunday-school picnic at the old man's house every day in the week. And yet the boys were not happy: Too much sister of their own and not enough of some other fellow's sister.

This is a picture of the celebrated Apis-bull, a sacred animal which Barnum failed to secure. When one of these sacred bulls died, he was buried with almost as imposing ceremonies as a New York prize-fighter.

Cleopatra's Needle, so-called. But, as we have seen, Cleopatra had very little use for a needle of any kind.

An intermission of ten minutes will now be given to permit young men to go out and look for five-hundred-dollar patent-medicine comets, and so forth.

The Puck representative became so deeply absorbed in astronomical studies, and so forth—especially the latter—that he failed to return in season to witness the remainder of the entertainment.



J. H. W.

THE VIRTUES of a good bath, and a subsequent prolonged rubbing with a dry towel or the hands, can not be fully appreciated, except by those who have tried them.—*Port Jervis Union*. The rural press sometimes makes great discoveries.

LOVE is blind, but marriage is, as Sam Weller would say, a double million magnifying-glass of hextry power.

A CHICAGO PHYSICIAN declares that nitroglycerine, hypodermically injected, will restore life to a corpse. He probably means that it will "raise" the dead.

MANY A JUDGE can pass a sentence who can not parse one.

A RECENT MEDICAL authority states that *Desdemona* was not smothered by *Othello*, but insists that she died of a fracture of the cricoid cartilage of the larynx. That may all be so, but to smother her has a greater dramatic effect than to stand around and let her die of a fracture of what's-its-name. The "unities" must be preserved.

ANOTHER NEW evangelist has arisen in the South. The South will do well to raise more cotton and fewer evangelists.

THE FRENCH tow their obsolete iron-clads out to sea, and use them as targets for a fleet of war-vessels to practice upon, the results being carefully noted. This country ought to borrow a fleet of war-vessels, and do the same thing.

EMERSON SAID "all the world loves a lover." Sometimes the girl does n't.

IN A FLORIDA court a man was fined five dollars for eating peanuts, while the prisoner on trial, who had been arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, was discharged with a reprimand.

THE SHADES OF NIGHT.



"What do you think, Mr. Oldboy," she asked: "of the evening costumes worn by ladies?"

"I think," replied Mr. Oldboy: "that if they were called night costumes, instead of evening costumes, it would be more appropriate."



BISHOP MCNIERNEY was accorded a reception of great pomp and solemnity on his return to Albany from his visit to Rome. He was escorted to the cathedral by his parishioners, who furnished an open carriage drawn by four white horses, and the only drawback to the success of the show was the fact that through some oversight, they forgot to lay him in state.

A WRITER is preparing a history of the American snob. Tucked away in some corner of it, we trust that we may find an honest allusion to the man who borrows fifty cents for a hansom-fare, because "the tram-cars are so beastly common, don't you know."

MISS KATHLEEN O'MEARA, the biographer of Mme. Mohl, has made a great success with her book. It is refreshing to see the prejudices of race smoothed down so completely as to allow a Jewess to write nothing but praise of an American.

QUEEN VICTORIA refuses to receive any lady in her realm who does not appear before her majesty in low neck and short sleeves. The Prince likes this style, too.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE declined and fell. In this respect it differs from a man. If he declines, he won't fall.

HANG THE gutted racket on the wall behind the door.

Give the Knickerbockers to the care of camphor-trunk.

Shoot the Tam O'Shanter, for you will not need it more.

The game is hibernating and has curled up in its bunk.

PUCK.

THE COCAINE HABIT.

The Worst Slavery Known—New Revelations of Power.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

When cocaine was discovered the medical world exclaimed "Thank heaven!"

But useful as it is, it is also dangerous, especially when its use is perverted from the deadening of pain for surgical operations, to the stimulation and destruction of the human body. Its first effects are soothing and captivating; but the thralldom is the most horrible slavery known to humanity.

J. L. Stephens, M. D., of Lebanon, O., was interviewed by our reporter yesterday at the Grand Hotel, and during the conversation the doctor said: "The cocaine habit is a thousand times worse than the morphine and the opium habits, and you would be astonished," he said: "if you knew how frightfully the habit is increasing."

"What are its effects?"

"It is the worst constitution wrecker ever known. It ruins the liver and kidneys in half-a-year, and when this work is done, the strongest constitution soon succumbs."

"Do you know of Dr. Underhill's case here in Cincinnati?"

"That leading physician who became a victim of the cocaine habit? Yes. His case was a very sad one; but the habit can be cured. I have rescued many a man from a worse condition."

"What, worse than Dr. Underhill's?"

"Indeed, sir, far so. Justin M. Hall, A. M., M. D., president of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and a famed practitioner, and Alexander Neil, M. D., professor of surgery in the Columbus Medical College, and president of the Academy of Medicine, a man widely known, Rev. W. P. Clancey, of Indianapolis, Ind., from personal experience in opium eating, etc., can tell you of the kind of success our form of treatment wins, and so can H. C. Wilson, formerly of Cincinnati, who is now associated with me."

"Would you mind letting our readers into the secret of your methods?"

"Well, young man, you surely have a good bit of assurance to ask a man to give his business away to the public; but I won't wholly disappoint you. I have treated over 20,000 patients. In common with many eminent physicians, I for years made a close study of the effects of the habits on the system and the organs which they most severely attack. Dr. Hall, Dr. Neil and Mr. Wilson, whom I have mentioned, and hundreds of others, equally as expert, made many similar experiments on their own behalf. We each found that these drugs worked most destructively in the kidneys and liver; in fact, finally destroyed them. It was then apparent that no cure could be effected until those organs could be restored to health. We recently exhausted the entire range of medical science, experimenting with all known remedies for these organs, and as the result of these close investigations, we substantially agreed, though following different lines of inquiry, that the most reliable, scientific preparation, was Warner's safe cure. This was the second point in the discovery. The third was our own private form of treatment, which, of course, we do not divulge to the public. Every case that we have treated first with Warner's safe cure, then with our own private

treatment, and followed up again with Warner's safe cure for a few weeks, has been successful. These habits can't be cured without using it, because the habit is nourished and sustained in the liver and kidneys. The habit can be kept up in moderation, however, if free use be also made, at the same time, of that great remedy."

"Yes, it is a world-famed and justly celebrated specific! Like many other physicians, I used to deride the claims made for it, but I know now for a fact that it is the world's greatest blessing, having sovereign power over hitherto incurable diseases of the kidneys and liver, and when I said that, young man, I have said nearly everything, for most diseases originate in, or are aggravated by, a depraved condition of the kidneys."

"People do not realize this, because, singular as it may seem, the kidneys may be in a very advanced stage of decomposition, and yet, owing to the fact that there are but few nerves of sensation in them, the subject will not experience much pain therein. On this account, thousands of people die every year of kidney disease unknowingly. They have so-called disorders of the head, of the heart and lungs and stomach, and treat them in vain, for the real cause of their misery is deranged kidneys, and if they were restored to health the other disorders would soon disappear."

Dr. Stephens's experience, that can be confirmed by many thousands whom he has treated, adds only more emphasis to the experience of many hundreds of thousands all over the world, that the remedy he referred to is without any doubt the most beneficent discovery ever given to humanity.

769

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

772

DAISIES FROM DAISYVILLE.

THE First and Second Crops

OF PICKINGS FROM PUCK are out,
And if you'll read them through and through,
You'll laugh and dance and shout.

They're read throughout the land
By lovers of true wit,
And when they're opened they are sure
To make a happy hit.

Though Three a daisy is,
A daisy through and through,
The First and Second Crops are just
A pair of daisies, too.

Price Twenty-five cents, of all newsdealers. Mailed to any address on receipt of Thirty cents each, or the Three Crops for Seventy-five cents, to one address.



ADVERTISING IN 2000.

SAPOLIO STILL LEADS THE DAY.

THEFT OF REPUTATION.

Theft is not confined to stealing money. Indeed, that is the least common form of theft. Men who sell other cheap scouring soaps when they are asked for Sapolio (not infrequently representing them to be the genuine article), steal our reputation, our money, our good name, and not this only—they cheat their customers. Honest merchants, honest purchasers, an honest trade and the honest community should turn away from all such practices, and determine not to cheat or be cheated.

What is Sapolio? It is a solid, handsome cake of scouring soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except the laundry. To use it is to value it. What will Sapolio do? Why, it will clean paint, make oil cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes, and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath tub, even the greasy kitchen sink, will be as clean as a new pin if you use Sapolio. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one Sapolio. Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., N. Y.

A TWILIGHT FANTASY.

A WOMAN stood at a garden-gate
(Sing hey for the distant spreading sail!)
Sing hey for the dog that hurried by
With a kettle tied to his tail.

My good man skurried a-down the road.
(Sing hey for the joyous drinking bout!)
And after the ochre cur he sped
With many a gruesome shout.

"Now, why this haste, good neighbor?" she cried:
"Why after the dog of the umber tint?"
But, waking the echoes with a yell, he sped
Through the twilight's gleam and glint.

A smug-faced lad looked over the fence,
(Sing hey where the birdlings sing and chirp!)
"Why laughest, good mother?" "I laugh," said she,
"To see yon écu purp."

A smile then smiled the smug-faced lad.
(Sing lack-a-day for the sunset red!)
"Then laugh no more, good gossip, because
The kettle is your'n," he said.

[The poetry after Browning; the man after the dog;
the woman after the boy.] —Chicago Rambler.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.
Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists. 723

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EAGLE GOLD.

Neither too Soft. **2½** Neither too Hard.
ROUND OR HEXAGON. 702

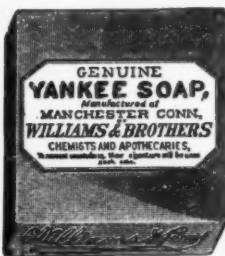
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C. C. Carpenter, Patentee & Maker.
557 & 559 Broadway, N. Y.



GENUINE YANKEE SOAP



After half a century is still without an equal,

AS A SHAVING SOAP.

Its rich, mild and lasting lather leaves nothing to be desired. All Druggists keep it. Avoid Imitations. Trial Samples by Mail, for 12 cents.

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Glastonbury, Conn.,
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Sacques,
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Rugs,
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Fur Trimmings.

in Beaver, Seal, Sable, Mink, Fox, Lynx, etc., at prices guaranteed lower than any other house.

SPECIAL.

Russia Hair Boas (3 yds. long) and Muff..... \$3.98
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Baltic Seal Muff..... 2.98
Natural Lynx, 2 Inch Pelt, per Yard..... 1.98
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**BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.**

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

"CLUB" BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

PRACTICAL ROAD MACHINES.
SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS
IF DESIRED.
THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS CO.
239 COLUMBUS AVE BOSTON, MASS.

A teaspoonful of

Fred: ✦

✦ Brown's ✦

✦ Ginger,

with hot water and sugar (if
it suits taste.)

Satisfies Thirst,
Sustains Strength,
Aids Digestion, and
at night, by causing
a healthy action
of the Skin, induces
Sleep. * Try it.

FRED: BROWN'S GINGER.

PHILADELPHIA.



"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and Sedentary People. Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Home School for Physical Culture," 110 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dowd. Wm. Blake, author of "How to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other I liked half as well."

ESTABLISHED 1818.
Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.
PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO THE
ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT,
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.
**PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.**
(KIRSEBAER LIQUEUR.)
INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.
LUYTIES BROTHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS.
No. 573 Broadway, NEW YORK. No. 1 Wall Street, Cor. Broadway.

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



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FROM THE GERMAN.

THE King and many a jovial lord,
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At his swift sallies, pranks, and quips,
Broad laughter strained their careless lips—
But one guest sat in study brown,
With dull, grave eyes still looking down.

"Now, prithee," quoth Sir Silverscarf
Unto the King: "what ails that dwarf?
When we with mirth are overcome,
Why doth he sit so stiff and glum?"

"This is the point," explained the King:
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He may enjoy in his own way."

—Gertrude Hall, in Tid-Bits.

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2	6,000	12,000
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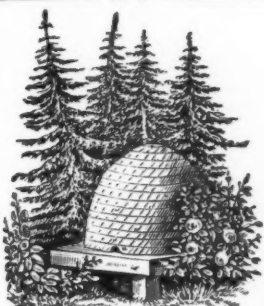
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